



SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1901

GRANDMA'S GARDEN.

Far from the city's stir and strife,
Back from the dusty street,
There hides a garden, wherein bloom
Flowers, old-fashioned and sweet,
Ah, when the weary day is done,
How well my glad feet know
The little, winding path that leads
Where grandma's treasures grow.

O dear, old garden! I forget
The world and all its care;
Your warm, sweet silence seems to breathe
Of peace and of prayer.
The world may buffet as it will—
What care I for its blows?
I know where heart's ease dwells sweet,
In grandma's garden grove!

But, little garden, though you smile
In all your tender grace,
The fairest blossom that you know
Is grandma's dear old face.
The peace of God is on her brow,
And in her tender eyes
There shines the light that broods upon
The hills of Paradise!

—Florence A. Jones, in Chicago Advance.

The Third Generation

By Guy Arthur Jameson.

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COL. MORRIS walked restlessly back and forth the length of the plank sidewalk. The group of men in front of Wolverton's drug store watched him in silence. Suddenly he turned, where the last sun-blistered plank curved up menacingly, and said: "I've killed two men, and came clear, and I'll clear this time. No—"

He stopped abruptly. A slender woman in black, a baby in her arms, slipped out of the door and moved across the sandy square toward the courthouse. She was the widow of the colonel's last victim.

The colonel didn't finish his remark, to the disappointment of his friends, but turned quickly and moved down the street to Bradshaw's ranch supply store. At any other time he would have gone straight to the Cattle King saloon, but it was another of his late eccentricities to avoid that popular resort. This last affair, it seemed, had had a sobering effect on him.

Montague county district court had been in session three days, and the case, State vs. Morris, was drawing to a close. It was the only murder case for the term; this fact, and the prominence of the colonel, had drawn the men from the farms and ranches. They thronged the courthouse eager to hear the details of the murder, and the defense Morris would make for shooting Dave Blevin.

There had been little to hear. Morris made a plea of self-defense, but, as no one had witnessed the tragedy, there was no corroboration. A gun had been found by the side of the dead man, but his widow testified that it was his habit to carry his gun with him when working in the woods. The neighbors could give but meager information concerning the deceased. Like the other of the colonel's victims, he was unknown till his tragic death put his name on every tongue. It was learned from his widow, during the trial, that he had not been in the county long. He had bought a little farm in the Cross Timbers, and the drought cutting short his crop he had gone to work on Morris' ranch that he might be able to meet the fall payment. When Mrs. Blevin, in her simple way, had finished telling of his struggle to get a home, and the "hard luck" he had had, many listeners were touched with pity, and a sentiment sprang up against his slayer.

At last the case was closed. The judge began to read his instructions to the jury. A silence fell on the room. The next case was called and the jury filed out. It was out at that afternoon, that night, and to the middle of the next afternoon. Then a "hung jury" was announced. Col. Morris stared at the 12 men in astonishment. A Montague county jury had questioned his word. It was an insult that would be adequately met. He rose and left the room. A crowd flocked about him on the square. He invited them to join him at the Cattle King. He was himself again. By night pandemonium reigned in the saloon and his staggering, yelling, shooting satellites mounted their horses, dashed through the sleeping village, and galloped on to the prairie.

Mrs. Blevin hitched the pony, now weary with the enforced idleness, to the cart and started home. The emotions in her bosom were too confused for analysis. Perhaps the most predominant were the consciousness of a great loneliness that seemed to envelop her, a dread of the future, and a bitter resentment against fate.

"Howdy do, Miz Blevin." The man who spoke had been attending the trial and recognized her. "You're not goin' ter try ter go home ter-night?" Well, now, ye'll not do anything uv the kind. Ye must be most fagged out narin' the baby an'—an' the heat so aggravatin' last few days." He did not wish to refer to the trial.

"It's only a mile or so outen yer way, an' my wife'll be glad ter see you. Didn't know what ye lived till—lately. Let me rest you uv the baby," he said, leaning over and taking it from her arms.

The unexpected kindness came like a shock. With a great sob she bowed her head in her hands. The man turned away his face and "boomed" at the baby.

Early the next morning she told her new friends good-by and started home. The pony was joggling along across a stretch of reddening sedge, when he

stopped suddenly, pricked up his ears and snorted. Mrs. Blevin looked ahead. Across the road lay the body of a man; his head was hid in the grass. She stopped. Perhaps he had fallen from his horse and was seriously hurt. She would see. Spreading the lap-robe on the grass for the baby, she walked nearer and peered over into his face. She stepped back, her heart beating violently. It was her husband's slayer. For some moments she stood motionless, gazing down at him. She was undergoing a struggle. The road was merely a settlement by-path, and it might be days, weeks, before any one would pass. If she left him he would likely die of his wounds, of starvation, or be torn to pieces by the coyotes—her husband would be revenged. Could she help the man back to life who had murdered her husband—perhaps to make a widow of some other wife? Had he not boasted of killing two men? She glanced around; No one would ever know. How easy to drag him farther in the grass, where his groans would not reach the road, and leave him. She could do that. Could she? Could she? A voice seemed to thunder in her ear: "Thou shalt not murder," and it would be murder. "O God, help me!" she cried. "He killed my husband—the father of my child!" She looked to where the baby cooed and waved its hands in the sunshine. The picture seemed to soften her, made the struggle easier.

She walked to the colonel and, bending over, called his name softly. The answer was a groan. She now saw that his clothes were stained with blood. She moved his head gently. He was unconscious, and it was plain, even to her inexperienced eye, that he was dangerously hurt. Every feeling of revenge left her, and there took its place a fear that he might die before she could get help. She slipped her arm underneath him; his limp body felt like lead, but her strength surprised her. She lifted him toward the cart. She grew faint, her arms failed, he slipped to the ground with a moan. "How awful," she thought, wringing her hands in desperation. Again she clasped her arms about him, strained under the weight until every muscle in her body seemed on the point of snapping—he tumbled into the cart. "Thank heaven!" she cried in relief, drawing a deep breath as she looked down at her stained dress. His head had rolled against her face, and she felt the blood trickling down her cheek.

Slowly they crept across the prairie. The weight of the baby grew heavier every step; she changed it from arm to arm.

But, thank God, it was over now. The colonel lay on some quilts in the cart, breathing easier. She sprang in the cart and started to his ranch, seven miles' distance. At last she reached it, delivered her message, and knelt exhausted to the ground. But how glad she was, an hour later, as she lay with her baby at her breast, the cool breeze from the prairie wrapping her. A great calm stole into her bosom, and she felt that her husband would approve, could he know.

That evening the ranch "boss" drove her home. They found the colonel sleeping soundly, propped up in her husband's bed. The doctor told her that he had regained consciousness, but that there was no hope. He knew everything, and had sent for his lawyer. The next morning Mrs. Blevin sat watching at the bedside. "You must be an angel, Mrs. Blevin, to have been so kind to me," he said, finally. "I'm glad I helped you," she said. "I've been a wicked man—"

"The doctor might not want you to talk," she interrupted. "But I want you to know," he insisted. "My life might have been different—but for a woman. The only one I ever loved—the one who promised to be my wife—married a 'home-guard' when I was away in the war. Then I became reckless. Your husband's name was Blevin. That was the name of the man she married. I questioned your husband—he was the son of the woman I loved. Her husband died and left her in poverty. I was glad. That ought to have conciliated me—but the sight of your husband angered me—and I was drinking. If I had met you, and the baby, it might not have happened. I—I am very sorry. And I have done what I could. All the property goes to the baby—and you. I—I have forgiven her—for the sake of the grandchild."

Mrs. Blevin was crying softly. He reached out his hand for the infant. He held it a moment, gazing into the limpid blue eyes. He clutched his beard and cooed. He kissed its velvety cheeks and let it sink in his breast. Then a strange calm light came into his eyes.

Non-Dancers Barred. In Australia it is said that a man who goes to a dance and doesn't dance is "politely, but firmly," barred from the refreshment or supper room. The scheme is a very daintily worked out by means of a system of coupons issued with each programme of dances. Literally, it is a case of "no dance, no supper."—Detroit Free Press.

Little Angel. "Does Bobby cry much?" "No; he doesn't cry at all unless he wants his own way about something."—Chicago Record.

SPRINGTIME CLIPPINGS.

The Easter Girl.
All the time her vision haunts me,
Whether I'm at work or play,
Haunts me ever, never ceasing,
Never through the night or day;
And I will not dare efface it,
Nor remove a single curl,
From the picture in that vision
Of the charming Easter girl.

When the clanging bells proclaim it,
Advent of the Easter morn,
How the idea of recollection
Surging to my soul as borne;
And I see her fairy vision
Slowly to my eyes unfurl,
And devoutly do I worship
This, my lovely Easter girl.

In a church I sit; around me
Floats this mass of beauty still,
And she lifts her voice in worship,
Ah, I feel a tender thrill—
Still she comes in courtly number,
And my brain is in a whirl
When I try to find among them
Mine, my own dear Easter girl!

The Easter Bonnet.
It cost too much, he vows again;
And stoutly he demurs,
Until he sees her in it. Then
The universe is hers.

The Reason.
He loves these jests of Easter hats,
With glee he always tells them,
Those trimmings sweet
Brings joy complete—
He is the man who sells them.

An April Sun-Picture.
With liquid pace, less heard than seen,
The water glides along;
The woods are all a mist of green,
The air a sea of song.

Big clouds, in dazzling whiteness clad,
Sail bravely through the blue,
And all young things on earth are glad,
And all old tales are true.

April's Return.
A flush on the woodland,
A song in the hedge;
The meadow was in fair again,
For April keeps her pledge.

A thrill with every heartbeat,
A rapture touched with sighs;
New lustre on the soul of Life,
Tears in my happy eyes.

To April.
Dear April, you're like some coquette,
Some little flirt, I ween;
For half the time your face is bright,
And then, all unconscious,
You drop your head, and pout, and shed
Tears that you do not mean.

Yes, April, you're a winsome lass,
A little flirt, I know;
You do bewitch the heart of mine
And bid me whisper love.

The Easter City's Builders.
Ho, brothers, tired with your toil,
Lift up your weary eyes!
You're builders not for earth alone,
But builders for the skies.

For truth and love and righteousness
These the foundations are;
Of that great Easter city fair
Beyond the fairest star.

Who suffer, suffer not in vain;
He wins who patient tries;
Through prayers and tears and toil to-day,
The City's walls uprise.

Easter Interpretation.
They who, surrounded by their loved ones,
Join in festival of flowers and joyous law,
They cannot comprehend the highest joy
Or deepest meaning of the Easter day.

But they who gently kneel by new-made graves,
Lifting their tear-stained eyes toward heaven, say:
"Thou art the resurrection and the life;
Thou know the meaning of the Easter day."

The South Wind.
Wind that sings of the dreamy South
When the pale first blossoms we see
Wind that flings from a golden mouth
Tender spray of the summer sea,
Wind that keeps for the night and bloom,
That cradles the bird in the tree-top nest,
Wind that sleeps in the lilac's plume,
Of the winds of heaven we love thee best.

Over the springing wheat fields pass,
And over the small home gardens fare,
Evermore bringing to grain and grass,
And the flowers thy breath of blessing rare.

Easter Hymn.
He is risen! O the nations
Breathe a wondrous hymn of divine,
And each bosom thrills with rapture,
With a love supreme, benign,
Of the radiance gleams the token
Of a world redeemed, set free;
Of to-day's release from sorrow,
Of to-morrow's Jubilee.

He is risen! songs of gladness,
Tones angelic, voice sublime,
Swells above all thoughts of sadness,
With a wild, ecstatic cry:
Well up towards the heavenly mansions,
Hurrying in the courts above,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

To Find Easter.
"Thirty days hath September,"
Every person can remember;
But to know when Easter's come
Puzzles even scholars, some.

When March the twenty-first is past
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

Christian Year.
Fruitful.
I scattered seed on a barren plain,
And watered the furrow with tears;
My heart was heavy with grief and pain,
And my soul distraught with fears.

But after many weary days
Of lowering clouds and rain,
gathered from seed that was sown in tears
A harvest of golden grain.

Lizzie Clarke-Hardy, in Good House-keeping.
But He Didn't See It.
Mr. Cadd—No, indeed, I never associated with my inferiors. Do you?
Miss Pepprey—Really, I can't say. I don't think I've ever met any of your inferiors.—Philadelphia Press.

The Inevitable Finish.
Jaggies—How did he get dyspepsia?
Waggles—He insisted on eating nothing but health foods.—Town Topics.

By Comparison.
Guileless—No use talking, these professional gamblers are the most open-handed, generous, large-hearted, whole-souled men in the world. When I failed in business, some years ago, not a man I knew would lend me a cent.

Friend—So you've told me.

Guileless—Well, I lost \$500 (all I had with me) at Cheatem's dive last night, and Cheatem came right up, like the prince of good fellows that he is, and handed me a street-car ticket to get home with.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Sense of Security.
"Doesn't it worry you to have your husband spend so much time in the corner store talking politics?"
"No," said the woman with the weary look in her eyes, "I know that when he is talking politics, he isn't letting anybody sell him bad mining stocks, or gold bricks, or green goods. It keeps his mind occupied, and perhaps it is better so."—Washington Star.

The Man Who Whistles.
The man who whistles is all right; His presence is a boon; But he should give for true delight Variety of tune.

HOW IT HAPPENED.
Miss Ella Ewing, the Missouri giantess, who is eight feet four inches in height, recently completed a house for herself in the town of Govin, in that state. Her new house has doors ten feet high, ceilings 15 feet high, with chairs, tables, beds and everything in proportion.

Among the things that are worth remembering is the fact that beeswax broken in pieces and put within the folds of white woollens and white silks will overcome that tendency toward yellowness that white fabrics have when laid away for any length of time.

Garments that are kept folded because of lack of hanging space may be made to forego their partiality for creases if whole newspapers are placed on them, the paper and the cloth being folded at one and the same time. Papers laid between the folds have the same effect.



WHERE ALL CAN BE HAPPY.
(Ally Soper's Half Holiday, London, has been at some little pains to gather a few typical opinions as to the nature of Paradise.)

Plain girls hope for a country where beauty will not be a woman's chief recommendation.

The musicians' idea of elysium is a perfect concert hall, free list suspended and no critics admitted.

The nervous pedestrian expects to find a happy land entirely free from cyclists and motor cars.

Pretty girls foresee a community where beauty will never get worn out, and frocks and frippery may be had for the wish.

Doctors have visions of a place combining the advantages of a hospital and a cemetery, where there is no night bell, and coroners are not allowed to interfere.

The journalist looks forward to it as an abode where all his articles will be accepted and immediately printed in the largest type, headed, in the most prominent position in the most important paper.

The average parson's conception of Paradise varies considerably, some of them thinking it a hill from which a good view of Hades may be obtained with telephonic communication, while others regard it as a gigantic amateur musical association; but to all it is a place where they can preach as long as they like, and where nobody will want to go to sleep during the sermon.

IN THE WAY OF VARIETY.

Dr. J. F. Davidson, professor of modern languages in the Cincinnati university, has resigned and is succeeded by Miss Amelia Esselborn.

Dr. Talamon, one of the physicians of the Bichat hospital, Paris, announces the successful treatment of pneumonia by injecting anti-diphtheritic serum.

An ordinary bruise may be kept from discoloring by bathing it immediately with cloths wrung out of hot water, and a hot water bag kept on a bad bruise will prevent the usual lameness and stiffness.

The four brothers Colt held a unique reunion at Utica, Mo. The youngest of the four is 67 and the oldest 79. Their wives were there, too. One of the brothers has been married 50 years, another 47 and the two others 40 years.

A curious plant is the "life tree" of Jamaica. It continues to grow for years after it has been dug up and its roots exposed to the sun. Leaves severed from the limbs will remain green for weeks. The tree can only be destroyed by fire.

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THE WIDE WORLD OVER.

The census of Mexico's population takes into account 11 Indian languages.

Spanish is the language of 10,500,000 of Mexico's population of nearly 12,500,000.

No person in New Zealand may hold more than 640 acres of first-class farming land.

In the last 13 years 22 areas as large as the United Kingdom have been added to the British empire.

Bengal is noted for the number of its young widows. It has 48,644 widows who are under ten years of age.

Last year nearly 5,000 workmen were killed in the course of their ordinary work in the United Kingdom.

The lot of the prefect of police in St. Petersburg can hardly be happy. According to the tragic record of the last 40 years, assassination has left the position open for a new prefect upon the average once in about six years.

An organization in England is known as "Scapa," the word being made up of the initial letters of the words "Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising." The members of the association are opposed to the placing of glaring business announcements on picturesque rocks, along rustic roadways, on buses and on huge billboards.

STATE AND COUNTY NOTES.

Northwestern Iowa has begun shipping choice butter to Porto Rico.

The proportion of divorces to marriages in Rhode Island is about one to eight.

Texas now raises more than double the amount of cotton produced by any other state in the union.

It is estimated that fully 10,000 "laws" will have been enacted before all the state legislatures adjourn.

The smallest county in the United States is Bristol county, in Rhode Island, with 25 square miles. The largest is Custer county, in Montana, with 20,490 square miles, or more than the two states of New Hampshire and Vermont, and 5,318 miles more than the entire states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

WON THE KENTUCKY DERBY.

His Eminence Never Headed in the Race—The Favorite Last.

Louisville, April 30.—The 27th Kentucky Derby has passed into history, and not one of the 25,000 people that saw it can say aught except that it was a race from the flag until His Eminence passed under the wire a winner in the good time of 2:07 3/4. The track record was not broken, but it is safe to say that had it been necessary His Eminence would have been equal to the occasion, and could no doubt have taken a fraction from the record of 2:06 1/4 made by Lieutenant Gibson over the course last year.

It was a magnificent race throughout, but His Eminence was never headed for a moment, and came under the wire a winner by a full length, with Sannazar half a length in front of Driscoll, Amur fourth, a length away, with Alard Scotch, the favorite, last by three lengths.

McGovern Defeats Gardner. San Francisco, May 1.—The redoubtable Terry McGovern and Oscar Gardner met in the ring last night at the Mechanics' Pavilion before the Twentieth Century Athletic club to fight for the featherweight championship of the world, and McGovern won in the fourth round. In spite of the inclemency of the weather the big pavilion was filled to overflowing. Harry Corbett, brother of Jim Corbett, was the choice of both men for referee. The men fought for a purse of \$5,000, the winner to take 75 per cent and the loser 25 per cent.

Chaffee's Evacuation of China. Manila, May 1.—The transport fleet at Manila, which is to be used in transporting Gen. Chaffee's army from China to the Philippines, left today for Taku. There are 1,600 soldiers and about 1,000 horses and mules to be transferred from China to the Philippines, together with a complete field outfit. It is expected the entire movement can be completed within three weeks.

A Proposed Monster Labor Combine. Pittsburgh, April 27.—The Dispatch says: At a meeting in this city on May 5 a movement will be started for the organization of the Central Labor Council of the United States, which is aimed to be an amalgamation of all the labor organizations of the country, with central headquarters, the object being to secure co-operation among all branches of labor, and aimed to operate especially against the great trusts.

To Combat Tool Steel Combine. Pittsburgh, May 1.—James W. Brown, vice president and director of the Crucible Steel company of America, has been for several weeks forming a new company, and will at once invest \$1,000,000 to build a new plant in this city, which will become an important competitor of the tool steel combine.

Hard on the Goat. "And, shure, they tell me your hoosband's very lithery?"
"That he is, indeed."
"That he devours every thing in the way of a book or a paper that comes to the house."
"Shure, he does."
"And vot in the name of goodness does the poor goat get to ate?"—Yonkers Statesman.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.

(THE CAPITAL CITY LINE.)

Its Magnificent Through and Local Passenger Service Between The East and South and Southwest.

THE SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY is called THE CAPITAL CITY LINE, because it enters the Capital of the six States which it traverses, exclusive of the National Capitals, through which its trains run solid from New York to Jacksonville, and Tampa Florida. It runs through Richmond, Va., Raleigh, N. C., Columbia, S. C., Atlanta, Ga., Montgomery, Ala., and Tallahassee, Fla.

This road will continue to run the famous FLORIDA AND METROPOLITAN LIMITED, and the FLORIDA AND ATLANTA FAST MAIL TRAINS, affording the only through limited service daily, including Sunday, between New York and Florida, and is the shortest line between these points.

These splendidly modern trains of the SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY arrived at, and depart from, the various Railway Stations at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York carrying Pullman's most improved equipments, with unexcelled dining car service, compartment, drawing room, and observation cars. It has Pullman service five times a week each way from Washington to week celebrated resort, Pinhurst, N. C.

It has the shortest line to and from Richmond, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Raleigh, Southern Pines, Columbia, S. C., Atlanta, and the principal cities between the South and East. It is also the direct route to Athens, Augusta and Marion.

In Atlanta, direct connections are made in the Union Station for Chattanooga, Nashville, and Memphis, also for New Orleans and all points in Texas, California and Mexico.

In addition it is the only line operating through trains, and Pullman sleeping cars between Atlanta and Norfolk, where connections are made with the Old Dominion Steamship Co., from New York, the M. & E. Company from Boston, and Providence the Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Company, from Washington, the Baltimore Steam Packet Company from Baltimore, and the N. P. & N. Railway from New York and Philadelphia.

Through Pullman cars also operated on quick schedules between Jacksonville and S. Louis, via Monticello, and between Jacksonville and New Orleans via Gulf Shores and Savannah and Montgomery.

The local train service is first class with most convenient schedules. In fact the SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY will ticket passengers for any points, affording the quickest schedules, finest trains, and most comfortable service. Its 1000 mile books sold at \$25.00, are good from Washington, D. C., over the entire system of 2,800 miles including Florida.

Old hunters say THE MARLIN
has so many things to commend it. The top of the action is always closed, the mechanism the most simple, the finish elegant, the form attractive. It seems to throw its bullets a little more accurately and plant them with a little more force than any other rifle. For deer take a \$35.00 or \$30.00. 1200 yds. range, 200 lbs. weight, 200 lbs. weight, 200 lbs. weight.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Don't Let Your Hair Fall Out FREE
Sample of LUSTORONE to every one

When you can save by the timely use of our great hair tonic, "LUSTORONE," if your hair has been scalped, burnt and split out by the use of harsh applications of kerosene, kerosene, kerosene, or by sickness, fever and disease, our tonic, "LUSTORONE," will prove a boon to you. A Godsend to suffering humanity because it produces an abundant and beautiful growth of soft, fine hair. As the hair grows it pulls and loosens the scalp, and the scalp, in turn, loosens the hair, and the hair falls out. It is the greatest hair tonic on earth. To prove the merits of this great remedy, we will send to any one who will send us a name and address, a sample of our "LUSTORONE," to pay for the sample. It will prove its own worth.

DOMINION MFG CO.
2220 E. St.
Richmond, Va.

A BEAUTIFUL BUST AND NECK

BUSTROR
THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

We are able to offer you a System of Bust Development that is absolutely infallible. Our system is entirely exterior. We do not support inferior remedies for the reason they are not at all necessary. Our BUSTROR is purely a vegetable compound, and is entirely safe, work, which it does effectively and rapidly, increasing the bust 4 to 6 inches in size in as many weeks. No matter how handsome a woman's face is, unless she has a well developed bust and neck it detracts from her beauty. It is the well shaped woman who attracts the husband or lover. It is a fact that a beautiful form is one that enables a woman to retain the love of the opposite sex.

BEAUTY OF FACE.
BEAUTY OF FACE is not necessary to a well-rounded, well-formed woman. The beautiful full-bosomed, voluptuous form of woman never loses her attraction; such a woman is intensely and magnetically attractive to all men, not because of the force of the laws that govern the sexes. Few men really care for a handsome face—all men are attracted by and reverence the soft form of a perfectly developed woman.

THE FEMALE BREASTS
when fully developed are the perfection of all charms, symbolic of rich, ripe womanhood, maternal love and fruitfulness. Ladies, young and old, can possess these symbols. These charms may be yours if you desire them.

Our remedy is only \$1.00 per bottle, or a bottle for \$2.50. Should you invest with us, we guarantee that you will secure a development of your form that will bring you both happiness and contentment. In sending for BUSTROR, remit by P. O. Order, Express Order or Registered Letter for safety.

Thanking you in advance for an early reply, we remain
Sincerely,
Confidentially yours,
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